

THREE ANGELS.

They say this life is barren, drear and cold;
Ever the same sad song was sung of old,
Ever the same long, weary tale is told,
And to our lips is held the cup of strife—
And yet a little love can sweeten life.

They say our hands may grasp but joys destroyed,
Youth has but dreams, and age an aching void,
Whose Dead sea fruit long, long ago has cloyed,
Whose night with wild, tempestuous storms is rife—
And yet a little hope can brighten life.

They say we fling ourselves in wild despair
Amidst the broken treasures scattered there,
Where all is wrecked where all once promised fair,
And stab ourselves with sorrow's two-edged knife—
And yet a little patience strengthens life.

Is it, then, true this tale of bitter grief,
Of mortal anguish finding no relief?
Lo, midst the winter shines the laurel's leaf—
Three angels share the lot of human strife,
Three angels glorify the path of life.

Love, hope and patience cheer us on our way,
Love, hope and patience form our spirit's stay,
Love, hope and patience watch us day by day,
And bid the desert bloom with beauty vernal
Until the earthly fades in the eternal.
—F. S., in the Temple Bar.

The World Against Him

By WILL N. HARBEN.

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CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

The prisoner shuddered visibly.
"Did Col. Hasbrooke have anything to say about the case?" he asked.
"Not to me, he didn't, but when Capt. Winkle was talkin' so shore about your conviction, he spoke up an' 'lowed that it was a shame to talk of a man's guilt before his trial. He said it sharp-like, as if he didn't have much use for Winkle, an' I noticed that the captain shut up like a clam. I was surprised, for I kinder thought the captain was goin' to get one of the old man's daughters."

Ronald had another question ready.
"What are my chances on getting bailed out?"

"To be perfectly candid with you," answered Ratcliff, "I am afraid you are goin' to have a big disappointment. You see, accordin' to the readin' o' the law, a justice o' the peace can't set bail in any case whar there is a reasonable suspicion of murder, an' it wouldn't surprise me (as the land lies now) for you to have to lie in jail till the spring term o' court. I wouldn't say this," added the sheriff, his eyes averted, "if I didn't think it is always better to be prepared for the worst. I don't want to give the prosecution a chance to exult over your looks. When I told my wife how the case stood this mornin', she actually cried. A body never can tell how Squire Richardson is gwine to act; he's a little wishy-washy; he tries to imagine he belongs to the aristocracy. Jest a minute ago I seed 'im in Smith's bar a-drinkin' with Capt. Winkle. I can't imagine why that little dude is so much concerned in this trial. I'd bet a hoss to an empty hen's nest that he was talkin' about this case."

"He's not a friend of mine," explained Ronald, despondently.
"Do you mean that he is a shore 'nough enemy?" questioned Ratcliff, with some concern.

"I think he would like to see me suffer as heavily as possible in this matter, Mr. Ratcliff."

"That accounts for it, then," the sheriff muttered an oath to himself. "I wish that Richardson was a broader man; he thinks me of Winkle's stamp are just the thing. However, we mustn't cross a bridge before we come to it; the truth is, you've got the best criminal lawyer in seven states; he ain't got much schoolin', but he can speak like a rip. He's been recurin' the country to catch up with Thad Williams; he wants to corner 'im fore the state solicitor does. You know Solicitor Webb would rather win a case'n to eat cake. If he gets hold of Williams fast, he'll drill 'im so as nobody alive could catch him in cross-questionin'. By the way, Mr. Reddin' told me to say to you that he'd be too busy to see you fore the trial. I'll come up to fetch you down to the courtroom in plenty o' time."

A few minutes before two o'clock the sheriff came after our hero. He had little to say, and his very reticence confirmed Ronald's fear that no new thing in his favor had turned up since morning. The courtroom was crowded to the doors. The first face that fell under the notice of the dispirited prisoner was the sinister one of Capt. Winkle, who sat suspiciously near Squire Richardson's elbow; the next was the round, good-natured one of Col. Hasbrooke; but Ronald had never seen it look quite so pale and downcast. The thought ran through his mind that Winkle had reported the fact of his having been driven to Ratcliff's by Evelyn. Yes, he was sure of it now, for nothing but the discovery of his daughter's secret would have induced a man of Hasbrooke's stay-at-home habits to attend court. Ronald felt a thrill almost of horror pass over him as he thought that perhaps the colonel had come with the sole hope that the trial would permanently remove him from the path of his daughter. The next moment he felt his arm nervously clutched by Redding.

"Come inside the railin' an' set by me," the lawyer whispered, his breath on his client's cheek. "I'll want your suggestions as the case proceeds. Damn it!" he added, as if to himself,

"I'll want anything I can lay hold of; them fellers have got the best showin' they ever had ag'in an innocent man." As he spoke he waved his hand towards Mr. Webb, the state solicitor, a handsome man of 40, with a bushy mustache and massive hair, who sat only a few feet away with his head close to that of Thad Williams. They seemed to be talking of the case, for the solicitor was making notes with a pencil and nodding and smiling with evident satisfaction.

"It's but fair to you, my boy," Redding continued, as a bailiff gave them seats on the left of the judge's table, "to tell you at the outset that they have the advantage so far. Don't understand me to say that you will be found guilty in the supreme court, but my hope fur bail is gettin' awful slim. I mighty nigh run myself to death to ketch up with Williams, but Webb suspicioned what I was up to an' kept 'im hid out. Then," the speaker glanced towards the judge, "I'm powerful afraid Richardson is—well, unsympathetic, to say the least. I know men (dad drat 'em!) you don't have to belt me over the head with a stockin' o' sand to open my eyes. The truth is, Richardson is as cold towards our side as a wet rock. He didn't want to talk to me jest now. I tried to hint that Thad's oath wasn't wuth much more'n the ravelin's of a rotten wool sock, but he said that was a serious charge to bring ag'in any citizen unless I was ready to prove it. It wouldn't surprise me if a dozen o' Syd Hart's gang ain't ready to swear you've made threats ag'in 'im. Men o' the'r stripe will swear off an arm or a leg fur a dram o' rotgut, or to avenge a dead rascal. If they refuse you bail, my boy, you must try to put up with it."

"I am prepared for anything," said Ronald, quite calmly. As he spoke he caught Col. Hasbrooke's eye and held it for a minute. He noticed that the old man's glance was stern and unforgiving. Further back in the row of faces Ronald saw Dave's, full to his great staring eyes with tender awe and concern. Some feature of Hasbrooke's reminded him of Evelyn, and he felt to pitying her with his whole heart. He told himself she would hear the adverse news on her father's return home—the news that he was to be a common prisoner in the county jail until the spring. He fancied he saw her white face full of despair.

Redding was turning the leaves of a big tome on his knees and as he took no notice of his client the latter sank so deep into his ooze of despondency that he did not hear the preliminary proceedings of the court. He came to himself only when Dr. Sloan had begun speaking. The physician was saying that, owing to the critical condition of a patient, he hoped that it would be admissible for him to testify without delay. After a little discussion his request was granted, and the doctor took the stand and kissed the edge of a worn Testament. It was his opinion, he said, briefly, that Hart's death had resulted from a wound in the lungs made by the ball for which he had probed and which he held in his hand.

Here the solicitor rose.
"Is that the ball you found in the wound, doctor?" he asked.
"It is, sir," responded the witness.
"Dr. Strong," pursued the solicitor, "state to the court if it is a fact that you found the dead man with a revolver tightly clutched in the fingers of his right hand."

"That is quite true, sir," said Dr. Sloan. "Thad Williams said that he died holding it, and that he—"
"Your honor," broke in Redding, on his feet in an instant, "we object to what Thad Williams said."

The judge nodded as he admitted the justice of the objection. The solicitor stepped to the table of the magistrate and took up Syd Hart's revolver, which lay beside Ronald's, in view of the entire room.

"Is this the revolver to which you refer?" he questioned, casting a calm look of satisfaction round the circle of lawyers within the railing.

"It is, sir."
"There is one more question," said the solicitor, with a smile, "and then we are through with you, Dr. Sloan. You are satisfied in your mind that Syd Hart's death was brought about by the ball you found in his body, and that the ball came from that other pistol lying on the table—the pistol we shall prove was carried by the prisoner."

"Yes, I am quite satisfied"—here the witness paused. "I am able to swear that the ball I found in him was the cause of his death, but I cannot, of course, swear that the ball came from that other revolver."

"Well, that will do," said the solicitor, and he turned to Redding. "The witness is with you," he added, with an easy smile, full of confidence.

Redding got to his feet slowly.
"I don't know, your honor," he said, "that I can think of anything just now to ask the witness," and he stood nervously pinching his nose as he leaned against his chair and rocked back and forth, a defeated look spreading over his face. However, he soon pulled himself together.

"You say, doctor," he asked, "that you are not ready to swear that ball came from the revolver of the prisoner?"

Before answering, the witness, who still fingered the bullet, took up Hart's revolver and fitted the ball into the end of the barrel. Then Ronald, whose eyes were on his face, saw him start and turn pale, as he hastily put down Hart's revolver and picked up the other. He was nervously trying to place the bit of lead into its end when, with an exclamation of astonishment, Redding strode to his side and stood watching him with widening eyes. Ronald saw a broad smile spread over Redding's face, and then he came back to his place flushed with triumph. Ronald was nonplused. Redding seemed electrified as

he bent down and put his lips to his ear.
"Thank God, my boy," he whispered, "I'm goin' to wipe up the ground with 'em. Damn 'em, I won't leave a whole rag on 'em!"

To the prisoner's surprise, he resumed his nonchalant attitude on the back of his chair, which he hitched about until he had secured his balance. The magistrate looked bored, as he smiled over at Winkle. The solicitor was engaged in conversation with Thad Williams and did not seem to note the bewildered attitude of the witness on the stand.

"You are sure that the bullet in your hand was the one that caused Sydney Hart's death?" questioned Redding.

"He's already sworn that," put in the squire, sharply; "we must not go over the same ground twice. It will take all day to get through."

"It's important enough for 'im to swear it twice, your honor," said Redding, calmly, and then, as he continued, his eyes began to flash and his voice rang out so clear and loud that the solicitor looked up in astonishment.

"Dr. Sloan, is it not your opinion that the ball in your hand could not possibly have come from the revolver belonging to my client?"

There was a profound stillness in the big room. It was broken by an impulsive guffaw from the solicitor, who shot an amused glance at Redding, as if he thought that lawyer had taken leave of his senses. And then the solicitor noted the white, rigid expression on the face of the witness and his smile died away.

"We are waiting on you, Dr. Sloan," said Redding, calmly.

"It is my opinion," answered the physician, "that this ball could not have been fired from Mr. Fanshaw's revolver. It is clear to me now that Sydney Hart accidentally shot himself with his own pistol. It carries a 38-caliber ball; the other only 32."

Not a sound broke the silence of the room for a brief space of time and then the people began to applaud.
"Order in court! I will have order!" thundered Squire Richardson, and the room became still again.

With a sheepish look the solicitor went to the table and picked up the two revolvers, and then a sickly smile of acknowledged defeat passed over his face as he threaded his way back to his seat.

"Now, your honor," said Redding, "I want to have the state's witness, Mr. Thad Williams, called to the stand. I understand he is prepared to swear that Syd Hart told 'im jest before he ex-



RONALD FELT A THRILL OF HORROR PASS OVER HIM.

pired that my client not only shot 'im, but that he attacked 'im first. I want to help 'im consign himself to the penitentiary for perjury."

The solicitor, after all, took defeat gracefully. He shrugged his broad shoulders at this and broke into a laugh.

"You are welcome to Thad as a witness, Brother Redding," he said. "We don't want to hear from him any more."

Thad Williams looked like a moving corpse as he stood up.
"I ain't swore a thing yet, as I know of," he faltered, amid laughter all over the room. "I reckon I can talk as much as I want to when I ain't kissed the Book."

"What I want you to do," said Redding, his sharp eyes bent on the gaunt, colorless witness, "is to clear my client's reputation of all the lies you have told to-day."

"You'd better tell a straight story, Thad," smiled the solicitor. "If you will, I'll forgive you for the way you took me in."

"I'm willin' to tell all I know," consented Williams. "I don't want no trouble. I've got a wife and six children to support."

Williams was then put under oath, and confessed that Syd had said that he had shot himself while trying to hold his horse in check, the animal being thoroughly frightened by the firing. Thad showed the court how his friend had evidently tried to hold the reins and revolver in the same hand, and how it had been discharged by striking its hammer against the pommel of the saddle.

"I wouldn't a-ried to testify ag'in Fanshaw," he added, "if Syd hadn't axed me to revenge his death."

When the witness had sat down amid a storm of hisses from the rear of the room and in the crowded hallway adjoining, the solicitor rose.

"Your honor," he began, "the state has not a shadow of a case, and I want to ask you to dismiss it. When I think how near I came to using my efforts towards the conviction of one of the most prominent young men in this state—when I think how near I came to being the tool of the unprincipled scamp on my right, I feel, I say, like thanking God for my escape. I want to be the first to congratulate Mr. Fanshaw, to beg his pardon with all my heart and to wish him all success in the legal profession, to which, I understand, he is a brilliant candidate."

The house bellowed with applause as the solicitor crossed over and grasped Ronald's hand. A look of dissatisfaction clouded Capt. Winkle's face, and Col. Hasbrooke, with an inexplicable expression, was seen winking his way

towards the door through the now standing crowd.

The sheriff, when the case had been formally thrown out of court, sprang upon a bench and pounded another with his walking stick.

"Boys," he bellowed, "I driv' Mr. Fanshaw into town in my turnout, an' I want the honor o' takin' 'im back the same way."

Ronald, in the midst of a surging throng eager to grasp his hand, looked over their heads and nodded to Ratcliff. When the crowd was thinning somewhat he found Dave at his elbow. Dust had accumulated on the rough fellow's cheeks, and through it were the dark tracks of tears. The hand he gave his brother was cold and quivered.

"I don't want to do anything 'bout consultin' you, Ron," he began, "so I thought I would ax you about Thad Williams."

"What about him?" questioned Ronald, mystified.

Dave drew him out of earshot of the others.

"I don't think I can ever respect myself," he said, with a gulp, "if I don't call 'im to account for the way he's done you. Ron, I have got to fight 'im—thar ain't no two ways about it. I'm armed, an' so is he. If I don't turn up home to-night, tell 'em—"

His brother laid both of his hands on his shoulders.

"I'd rather you would not, Dave," he said. "This must end the whole thing. You must not put yourself into the jail from which I have escaped."

"Ron, I'd rather die than let that triflin' skunk—"

But Ronald would not listen to him, and in a few minutes persuaded him to drop his desire for revenge.

(To Be Continued.)

A GYPSY MOTHER'S ANGUISH

Implored the Missionary to Baptize Her Dead Baby and Would Not Be Refused.

Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady relates an experience as "A Missionary in the Great West," at the funeral of a gypsy baby. After the burial service there were several children presented for baptism, and in response to his inquiry, "Is there anything more?" the mother of the dead baby came forward with the little body which she had lifted from its coffin clasped in her arms. "Won't you baptize this one?" she asked. "I gently told her that I could not baptize the dead, that it was neither necessary nor right, but she would not be convinced," relates the missionary. "She begged and implored, and at last fell on her knees before me and held up in front of me the still, tiny, little white bundle of what had been humanity, and agonizingly besought me, in the terrified accents of guilt and despair, to perform the—to it—useless service. I explained the situation to her as well as a young man could, told her the baby was all right, and that even though she had failed in her duty God would certainly accept her evident contrition. Friends took the baby away at last and raised her up."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Sacred Ground.

The ground on which a foreign legation stands is considered as belonging to the country whose flag floats from the legation roof. Supposing a member of a foreign legation in London committed a murder, all we could do would be to "suggest" (a favorite diplomatic word, always used, except in relation to China) that the offender should be sent back to his native country and punished there. Some time ago, when a certain gentleman, whose name was well known at the time, was kidnapped into the Chinese legation, an inspector from Scotland Yard immediately proceeded thither and released the prisoner. This was a most serious breach of international law, and was intently discussed "in diplomatic circles." Since the Chinese legation is part and parcel of China, an invasion of the Celestial empire was thus made by a Scotland Yard official.—Chambers' Journal.

Cromwell as an Idol.

"It was not until 1645," says Mr. Morley, "that Cromwell had begun to stand out clear in the popular imagination, alike of friends and foes, as a leader of men. He was now the idol of his troops. He prayed and preached among them; he played uncouth practical jokes with them; he was not above a snowball match against them; he was a brisk, energetic, skillful soldier, and he was an invincible commander. In parliament he made himself felt, as having the art of hitting the right debating-nail upon the head. The saints had an instinct that he was their man, and that they could trust him to stand by them when the day of trial came. A good commander of horse, a good commander of foot, a good commander in chief, he needs so rare a union of prudence with impetuosity."—Century.

She Was Secretive.

A story illustrating the reticence of the Scots is credited to Ian Maclaren. A train was at a station, when a porter put his head into a carriage and called out: "Anyone for Down? Change for Down! Anyone for Down?" No one moved, and in a few minutes the train was speeding along, not to stop again for nearly an hour. Then an old Scots-woman turned to a lady sitting near her and said: "I'm for Down, but I'd no tell that man so."—St. Louis Republic.

A Respector of Law.

Madam—Bridget, didn't I see that policeman kissing you at the door last night?
Bridget—Shure, you might, ma'am; I couldn't think of resistin' an officer in the discharge of his duty, ma'am.—Yonkers Statesman.

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

(IN KENTUCKY)

Condensed Schedule in Effect May 20, 1900.

| RASTBOUND. | No. 1. | No. 3. | No. 5. |
|----------------|---------|--------|---------|
| Lv Louisville | 7:45am | 4:00pm | 7:45pm |
| Ar Shelbyville | 9:10am | 5:25pm | 9:10pm |
| Ar La renee/g | 9:30am | 5:45pm | 9:30pm |
| Ar Versailles | 10:10am | 6:25pm | 10:10pm |
| Ar Lexington | 10:45am | 6:45pm | 10:45pm |
| WESTBOUND. | No. 2. | No. 4. | No. 6. |
| Lv Lexington | 7:30am | 4:45pm | 7:30pm |
| Ar Versailles | 7:50am | 5:05pm | 7:50pm |
| Ar La renee/g | 8:20am | 5:35pm | 8:20pm |
| Ar Shelbyville | 8:40am | 5:55pm | 8:40pm |
| Ar Louisville | 10:45am | 7:45pm | 10:45pm |

| RASTBOUND. | No. 13. | No. 11. | STATIONS. | No. 12. | No. 14. |
|------------|---------|----------------|-----------|---------|---------|
| 4:00pm | 6:45am | Lv Louisville | Ar | 7:40pm | 10:30am |
| 6:25pm | 9:10am | Lv La renee/g | Ar | 9:30pm | 8:10am |
| 7:15pm | 10:00am | Lv Harrodsburg | Ar | 10:40pm | 9:20am |
| 7:30pm | 10:55am | Lv Burgin | Ar | 11:00pm | 9:40am |

| RASTBOUND. | No. 15. | No. 17. | STATIONS. | No. 16. | No. 18. |
|------------|---------|----------------|-----------|---------|---------|
| 4:00pm | 6:45am | Lv Louisville | Ar | 10:40am | 7:40pm |
| 5:25pm | 8:10am | Lv Shelbyville | Ar | 9:10am | 6:15pm |
| 6:45pm | 9:10am | Lv Versailles | Ar | 7:50am | 5:05pm |
| 7:15pm | 10:00am | Lv Harrodsburg | Ar | 8:20am | 5:35pm |
| 7:30pm | 10:55am | Lv Burgin | Ar | 8:40am | 5:55pm |

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| 9:10am | 5:25pm | Lv Versailles | Ar | 7:50am | 5:05pm |
| 10:45am | 6:45pm | Lv Lexington | Ar | 8:20am | 5:35pm |
| 11:00am | 6:55pm | Lv Harrodsburg | Ar | 8:40am | 5:55pm |

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| 11:00am | 6:55pm | Lv Harrodsburg | Ar | 8:40am | 5:55pm |

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SUMMER TOURS

—TO—